TARLETONS

Tragical Treatiſes,

contaynyng ſundrie

diſcourſes and pre-

ty Conceytes, both in

Proſe and

Verſe.

Imprinted at Lon-

don by Henry

Bynneman.

An. 1578.

¶ To the right honourable and vertuous Lady, the Lady

Frauncis Mildmay, Richard Tarleton wisheth long life, and prosperous health, with happy encrease of Honor.

WHEN I throughly conferred, (right Honourable and my very good Lady) your noble forwardenesse in all godly Literature, your graue and approued iudgement, with my base simplicitie, and slender vnderstanding: I stoode houering a great while betwene the extremities of a double doubt, whether I were beste to sollicite your good Ladiship with the view of these thrift lesse lines or no. But when I called to mynde your Honors courteous disposition of Nature, and readye inclination to accept of the trauells of all suche as do but stande aloofe, yet beare a certaine peculiar reuerence to good letters, a freshe hope so armde or rather warmde my former frosen doubt, that all feare sette aparte, I

raſhly aduentured the publiſhing of this peeuiſh Pamphlet vnder the patronage of your Honors name: where I knowe it may haue as ſafe a refuge, as if it were protected vnder the Target of *Minerua*, againſte the poiſoned Inuectiues & malicious reproches of all ſlaunderous tongs. Perhaps (Madam) your Honor wyll haue me in ſome ſuſpition of Arrogancie, in as muche as I haue preſumed to trouble, or rather weary your honorable eares with ſo vaine an argument, as theſe fantaſticall trifles: But yet my faithfull and affectionate zeale (vnto youre good Ladiſhip ſo forwardly addicted) had in due conſideration: my ouer boldneſſe may be rather attributed to my want of knowlege, than preſumption, in as much as your Honor is not altogither ignorant, that I neuer marched among the Muſes, nor ſerued in the campe where Learning as Chieftaine had hir ſacred reſideuce. But had I *Platoes* diuine Imaginations, *Ariſtotles* Philoſophy, *Archimedes* Geometrie, *Orpheus* Muſicke, or *Tullies* Eloquence, yet wold I not haue ſuch a glorious opinion of my own excellency, but I could willingly, and would moſte gladly

ſubmit

ſubmit my ſelfe, my skill, and all vnto your Ladiſhips approued iudgement, and fauorable protection: eſpecially, being one, whoſe honorable opinion of my poore skill vnworthily, and manifolde bounties vndeſerued, haue bin ſundrye times of my parte well proued and taſted, to my no little credite, and very great benefite. I might haue taken ſufficient occaſion in theſe ſuperfluous Pamphlets to haue entred into a neceſſary *Euchomiaſticon* of your Honors ſundrye good vertues and noble qualities, if without the helpe of my barren blazoning, they were not already ſo notified to all the worlde, that youre Ladiſhips iuſt praiſes are in euery mans mouth: and beſids in the attempting of it, there depēds a double daunger. Firſte, leaſte ſeeming to wade ſo farre into the diſcourſe thereof, as the matter yeelds iuſte ſcope, by this meanes I get the name and note of a Thraſonicall Clawback: The other doubt is, leaſte vndertaking ſo difficulte a taske, and not able to diſcharge it according to the dignitie and worthineſſe thereof, I wrappe my ſelfe in ſuch an intricate Labyrinth, that I ſhall hardely winde my ſelfe out without

ſome ſpotte, or blemiſhe to my credite. And therefore I will yeelde thaccompliſhing of that enterpriſe to other, whoſe Muſe cá better wade through ſo daungerous a forde, than mine.

Meane ſpace in moſte deuout maner I am to requeſt your Ladiſhips fauourable acceptation of theſe treatiſes, and to eſteeme of them, as a perfect teſtimony of the good heart and dutifull zeale of

Your honors moſt humble at commaundement, *Richard Tarleton*, Seruaunt to the right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaene Earle of *Suſſex*.

¶ T. A. in praiſe of the Authour.

For him, whome Pallas *with hir milke did nurſe*
And lullabide vpon the Muſes lappes,
Tis not ſo rare to write a braue diſcourſe
Of ſtrange aduentures paſt, and vncouth happes.
Ne is it harde, a greater taske to welde,
VVhereas the Theame ſufficiēt ſcope doth yeeld.

But hee that neuer taſted Learnings lore,
Nor many a Region nie Pernaſſus *came,*
To write in things but ſeldome ſeene before,
In that reſpect demerites double fame:
But ſpecially vpon ſuch toies to write,
As yeelde ſo little matter to endite.

Then Tarleton *thou deſerueſt double praiſe,*
Sith that with arte ſo ſtenderly poſſeſt,
Thy Muſe hir nature in theſe toies diſplaies
More learnedly than any of the reſt:
VVhoſe gifts of Arte ſo farre inferior be
To thoſe which Nature planted hath in thee.

FINIS.

Ferdinando Frecleton Gentleman, in praise of these treatises.

IF blinde men could of costlie colours iudge,
and intermedle with Apelles *arte,*
Or were not fretting Enuie giuen to grudge
the faith of him who plaies a friendlie parte,
Or if my skill coulde see in causes deepe,
I would reueale what nowe I secreate keepe.

Yet shall my blunt opinion somewhat reach
beyonde the dombe mindes of the common sort,
My Muse and I shall make a fearefull breache,
if silence hide thy well deserude reporte,
VVhose pleasante heade can cunningly conuey,
In pithie speache thy meaning euerie way.

And where I lookte for manie a wanton drifte,
of tales and ridles in thu booke of thine,
Nowe do I see thou canste bestow thy gifte
in grauer geere both learned and diuine,
For (trust me Tarleton*) in thy worke a pears,*
A platforme that both sense and matter bears.

FINIS.

Levvis Ph. Gentleman in commendation of the Authour.

Faine would I write, yet fainer would I ceaſe,
faine would I tell what truth hath giuen in
The ſnatching ſort do daily ſo increaſe (charge,
it makes me briefe, that elſe wold write at large.
Faine would I praiſe theſe treaties lately pend,
But that I feare, though cauſleſſe, to offend.

VVhat, ſhall the labourer then go loſe his hire,
whoſe carefull head hath toilde for our delite,
And all his paines lie tumbled in the mire?
ſhall ſlacke regarde his courteſie requite?
No Tarleton, *no, I giue thee for amends*
A thouſand thankes as guerdon from thy friends.

And at thy handes I challenge one requeſte,
thy promiſe partlie yeelds it as my due,
VVhich if performance anſwer all the reſt,
then will I ſay thy wordes and deeds be true:
It is thy Theames in order one by one,
To keepe thy fame aliue when thou arte gone.

Yet blame me not good Dicke, *though I encroche*
to take thy word, as if it were a band:
It is because I faine would set abroche
the thing thou closely keepeste in thy hand,
But in meane space thy trifles welcome bee,
And thus farewell, for Theames remember mee.

FINIS.

The Authours iudgement of such rashe verdicts as are gyuen in dispraise of Poets.

If men may credite such recoŕds,
as inke and paper shoŵes
To spŕing from Poets learned heads,
which cunningly disclose
The strange varieties of things,
the choice of mens delites,
The heauēs, the earth, the seas, the shoare,
the gods, and ghostly spŕites,
The secreate mysteries of Starres,
and planets in degrée,

With

With euery sundry office, that
to them belonging be.
How creatures first receiude their shapes,
how monsters beare the bell,
The glory of celestiall powers,
which in the heauens dwell:
How croked *Chaos* was dispersde,
which lay in loathsome lumpes,
Unfurnished with Natures gifts:
how al things in their dumpes
Laydrowninde in silence fearfull pawes,
til rocks were rent asunder,
How at the laste one Lambe by death,
did shew his workes of wonder,
Howe earthly Princes had their rule,
howe came in noble bloods,
How first the artificiall barkes
did cut the foming floudes:
How Sun and Moone do kéepe their course,
how all things in their kinde,
Yéelde reuerence to the sacred seates
of god with harte and minde.
If these things be of true reporte,
as sure no doubt they be,

Deny

Deny not Poets their due praise
whose works are leste to see:
Their watchfull toile, their busie care,
their quaking hand and quills,
Their whetted wits for knowledge sake:
profoundnesse in their skills,
Doth serue vs as a Christall glasse
to gaze vpon our folly,
Wherin our faults are portrayde out,
though shewes do make vs holy.
But some, whose yole mindes are bent
to leade a carelesse daunce,
And fede the present time, without
regarde of future chaunce,
Thinke Nature hath bestowde hir gifts
with such sufficient store,
That Arte can stande them small in stede,
to make their knowledge more.
Thus Fancie fedes their fond conceits,
whereby the swete delites,
That auntient writers erst haue had
to cheare their dulled sprites,
Are drowned in Oblitions denne,
so wrested, and so wrung,

That

That all their ſcrolls and ſwéete recoꝛds,
must néeds decay ere long.
The carping crue that holds in ſpite,
that beſt contents the wiſe,
In finding faults with others woꝛkes
haue *Argus* handꝛed eies:
They riſle volumes leafe by leafe,
verbatim to ſuruay
The ſubſtaunce, oꝛ the circumſtance:
and then in ſcoꝛne they ſay:
This pꝛobleme here is ill applide,
that tearme is much abuſde.
Here is a lame diſcourſe indéede,
there *Priſcians* pate is bꝛuſde:
Thus are the Poets toſt and turnde:
their labours rent to ragges:
And all the ſwéeteneſſe of their time,
truſte vp in Tinkers bagges:
The ſilly labourer that toiles
in ſhoures of haile and ſnow,
Doth make a paſtime of his paine,
a welfare of his woe.
Such is his hope, that *Veſper* commes,
and *Phœbus* turnde to reſt,

He

He ſhall receiue his earned due,
to vſe as he thinkes beſt.
So lights the writers lot,
who beates his buſied braine,
For no reward, but to receiue
goodwill to quite his paine.
The houering Bee that houereth long
about the fragrant floure,
With hoppes and ſkippes to ſearch and ſeeke
the ſweete leaſe from the ſoure,
Doth at the laſte in quiet hiue
ſucke vp the pleaſante hony,
Which to hirſelfe doth pleaſure bring,
and yeeldes hir maiſter mony.
The labouring Horſe, whiche in the yoke
goeth grudging euery day,
At night receiues in ſhewe of thankes,
both litter, corne and hay.
Then ſince that neither Bee nor Beaſt
do thankefulneſſe eſchue,
Let buſy Findfaults ceaſe to grudge,
giue *Cæſar Cæſars* due.
But what meane I on ſuch reprowfe
to argue all this while:

As

As though that for a Poets praise
I writ this ragged stile:
Not so, I neuer scalde the cliffe
whereas the sacred nurse
Of learning, hath hir residence,
so much my hap's the worse.
I neuer dranke the dainty drops
that issue from the font,
Wheras eche scholler claimes degrée
to rest in high account,
Yet am I as a subiect sworne
to reuerence their deeds,
And to refreshe their worthy worke,
that darke oblitious weeds
Not ouergrowe their fragrant floures,
whose vertues do surpasse,
To open secreate mysteries,
which else eclipsed was.
But if my former ydle daies
to study had bin bent,
Or if that God and Fortune to
had giuen their consent,
That I amongste the learned might
haue claimde but lowest rome,

Then

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Then in great letters all of golde
vpon *Apolloes* Toombe,
I woulde haue writ such memories
in honor of his name,
That should haue bin a double meanes
to beautifie his fame.
But wishes nought preuaile,
I yéelde to losse of time,
Sith verse and I so diffrent are,
Ile presse in ragged rime,
To manifest the mære goodwill
that I to learning owe,
No painted words, but perfect deeds,
shall my inuention showe.
Not that I prease for praise,
I shoote not at that white,
But for to conquere sluggish slouth,
I chose this newe delite:
And if these trifles fondly pende
which I present in place,
Not wittily, though willingly
may win your graunt of grace,
Then haue I scalde the doubtfull forte,
the victorie is mine.

And